

The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1883.

NUMBER 447.

DIRECTORIES.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Baptist.

Washtenaw Association.

Church on Washington street, corner of Cross and E. L. C. Cross, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:00; p. m. at noon; prayer meeting at 6:30; p. m. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday.

Congregational.

Jackson Association.

Church on Adams, corner of Emmet — pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30; and evening at 7:30; class meetings at noon and 4:30; Sunday school at noon; young people's meeting at 4. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Methodist Episcopal.

Detroit District—Detroit Conference. Church on Washington street, corner of Ellis and Venning, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30; and evening at 7:30; class meetings at noon and 4:30; Sunday school at noon; young people's meeting at 4. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Presbyterian.

Detroit Preaching Society of Michigan. Church on Washington street, corner of Emmet and W. A. McCorkle, D. D. pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; class meetings at noon and 4:30; Sunday school at noon; young people's meeting at 4. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Episcopal.

Diocese of Michigan. St. Luke's Church, Huron street—Rev. — rector. Service at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at noon. Evening service at 4:30 every Friday evening.

Roman Catholic.

Diocese of Detroit. St. John's Church, Cross street, corner of Hamilton and W. DeBever, pastor. First mass at 8 o'clock every morning; second mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m. Daily morning mass at 8.

Evangelical Lutheran (German).

Church on Congress street, corner of Grove and W. M. Klonka, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at noon.

African Methodist Episcopal.

Michigan District—Indiana Conference. Church on Buffalo street, first floor of Adams. Rev. R. Jeffries, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at 3 p. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m. Daily morning mass at 8.

Young Men's Prayer Meeting Association.

Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m. at the Methodist church in January; Presbyterian in February; Baptist in March, and Congregational in April, and so repeating. Warren Smith, president; Geo. K. Kline, vice-president.

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

Meeting at Congregational church every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. B. L. D'oge, president; Miss Little Dennis, vice-president.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.

Phoenix Lodge, No. 13, E. & A. M.—Meet in M. Hall Tuesday evening on or before the full moon every month. C. C. Vroman, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 128, E. & A. M.—Meet last Thursday in each month. A. C. Wilcoxson, Sec.

Excelsior Chapter, No. 25, A. R. A. M.—Meet first Friday in each month, at Masonic Hall. A. S. Turnbull, H. P.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Union Council, No. 10, R. & M.—Meet third Wednesday in each month, at Masonic Hall. Howard Stephenson, T. I.; W. L. Pack, Sec.

ODD FELLOWS.

Wyanotte Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F.—Meet at Odd Fellows Hall, Union Block, every Monday evening. F. L. Thompson, N. G.; L. Z. Foerster, Sec.

GOOD FELLOWS.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 106—Meet every Thursday evening, at Odd Fellows Hall. John Soper, Patriarch; Miss Steve, Sec.

PATRONS OF HUNTERIAN.

Ypsilanti Grange, No. 56—Meet in Grange Hall, Union Block, every Wednesday evening. Mortimer Crane, M.; Mrs. N. C. Carpenter, Sec.

UNITED WORKERS.

Ypsilanti Division, No. 106—Meet every Thursday evening, at Odd Fellows Hall. John Soper, Patriarch; Miss Steve, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Carpenter Post, No. 180—Meet in A. O. U. Hall, first and third Fridays of each month. Col. O. Pratt, Com. T. C. Carpenter, Adj't.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Eggs Council, No. 117—Meet at A. O. U. Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month. A. Loden, Regent; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; W. B. Eddy, Col. Rep.

FRATERNAL MYSTIC CIRCLE.

Ypsilanti Ruling, No. 77—Meet in Masonic Block, second and fourth Wednesdays in each month. F. H. Barnes, W. R.; P. W. Carpenter, W. Rec.; H. D. Wilcoxson, Sec.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY (COLORED).

St. John's Branch, No. 39—Meet every Friday evening, at John School Hall. Jas. McCann, Pres.

ATTORNEYS.

C. GRIFFEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, W. M., Office Loaned, Notes and Mortgages bought and sold. No. 2 South Huron Street.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, J. No. 1 South Huron Street, Ground Floor.

F. HINCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Real Estate Exchange, Black Diamond, Huron Street, Second Floor.

F. C. MORIARTY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, F. Allen & McCorkle's office, Huron Street, Ypsilanti, Mich.

PHYSICIANS.

A. F. KINNE, M. D., RESIDENCE AND OFFICE, corner Cross and Adams Streets.

F. M. OAKLEY, M. D., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, first dwelling south of Engine House, Huron street, Ypsilanti.

MRS. FLORA H. RUCH, M. D.—RESIDENCE and office corner of Washington and Ellis streets, near M. E. Church. Hours from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M.

F. K. OWEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence, Adams street, between Cross and Emmet.

D. R. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, corner of Adams and Emmet Sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.

O. E. PRATT, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, office and residence on Washington street, opposite Baptist Church.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST, WASHING- ton street, near Michigan, Ypsilanti.

D. R. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office and residence, Huron Street, Second Floor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. B. MOREHOUSE, REAL ESTATE, FIRE and Life Insurance, Notary Public and Commissioner of Land on Real Estate. Office with Hon. E. P. Allen.

L. OUGHIRDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag wicks, etc. Washington street.

The Bazarette keeps candy, gum, games, toys, carts.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITH & OSBAND, Publishers.

(GEO. C. SMITH, W. M. OSBAND.)

THE YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, Savings Bank Building, entrance from Congress street.

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Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN,

Ypsilanti, Mich.

SOCIAL VISIT.—On Friday last, about fifteen ladies and gentlemen went to Ann Arbor to call on Mr. and Mrs. Crookston, lately of this city. After a hearty welcome to their Ypsilanti friends, they were invited to look over their splendid fruit farm and sampled the various products now ready for market. At one o'clock dinner was spread under the shade on the lawn, and an enjoyable hour was spent round the festive board. As the sun went down, the party returned home, delighted with their visit.

RAINFALL.—The blessed rains of last Sunday and Monday did incalculable good, coming just in time to save the corn and late potatoes from complete ruin. The fall here was considerable, and north of us it was even more copious, Superior and adjacent districts receiving thorough drainage.

The official report of precipitation in Ypsilanti for June is as follows:

Day. Inches. Day. Inches.

1. .01122. 1. .024

9. .0523. .05

13. .6024. .28

14. .1127. .28

21. .0628. .28

Total for month. .3.35

The average of the whole state was 2.73 inches for June, and the average June precipitation of the past twelve years has been 3.88 inches for the state, and 4.26 for the southern section.

A CLOSE CALL.—Hiram S. Boutell had a narrow escape at the lower paper mill, where he is employed, yesterday morning. He was tightening bolts on the pump while the machinery was running, when a set screw on a revolving shaft caught the sleeve of his "wampus" jacket and commenced rapidly to wind him up. By admirable presence of mind and the exertion of great strength he resisted the winding process until the sleeves of the jacket and two shirts were torn out and the garments stripped down to the bottom, and he escaped with only bruises to the arm from the shaft.

—Mr. Owen O'Neill, who lives opposite the fair ground, on Congress street, harnessed a mustang colt to a buggy, Monday morning, and the animal became frightened and ran, throwing Mr. O'Neill violently against a tree, making a frightful cut in his head and knocking him senseless. At last accounts he was improving and promised recovery.

—The Rét. F. V. Stevens, of Oak Park, Ill., a graduate of Yale Theological Seminary, will supply the Congregational pulpit next Sunday morning.

—Principal Sill will conduct service and give an address on Sunday morning and evening at St. Luke's church. Evening service will begin at 7 o'clock.

PROMISING COLTS.—"S. H. Dodge," is the name of a four-year-old pacer owned by Fred Johnson and H. Fairchild, which they bought of Bert Moorman last fall. After 60 days handling, he paced a mile in 2:31½, going the half mile in 1:13, and the last quarter in 34½.

J. J. Stellwagen's five-year-old, "St. Ignace," of Wayne, after seven weeks handling, trotted a mile in 2:33½, at the fair ground, Tuesday.

VALUABLE CITIZENS GOING AWAY.

It will be a matter of regret to the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Watson Snyder of this city, to learn that they have sold their property on Forest avenue and will henceforth make their home elsewhere. Mr. Snyder has been a resident of this city many years, and few men have shown more public spirit or made warmer friendships. He was a man of positive opinions, and while he was mayor, waged a valiant fight against the saloon. While he was aggressive and outspoken on political questions, differing widely with many of his most intimate friends, yet no one ever thought the less of him for it. He was honest in his views and earnestly followed his convictions, a characteristic to be respected and admired wherever found.

Mrs. Snyder was always quick to respond to calls of charity, and willing to lend a helping hand to every worthy work or project. We regret exceedingly to lose their influence from our community, but while regretting their departure we bid them God speed in their new home.

The Churches.

Rev. W. M. Gifford of Plymouth is sup-

plying the Methodist pulpit for Mr. Venning, who is suffering from bad health.

Mr. G. preached at the union service last Sunday evening.

—The union meeting next Sunday even-

ing will be at the Methodist church.

—Mr. Cheney has returned from his vis-

it to Ohio and will occupy his pulpit next Sunday morning.

—Principal Sill will conduct service and

give an address on Sunday morning and evening at St. Luke's church. Evening service will begin at 7 o'clock.

Christ Before Pilate.

This world-renowned original painting, by Baron de Munkacsy, has reached Detroit and is now on exhibition in Whitney's Grand Opera House. Our readers who

visit that city, on business or pleasure,

should not fail to see it. To witness such

a work of art is the opportunity of a life-

time. It is open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

For Rent.

Good brick house and barn, with premi-

ses, corner Adams and Michigan streets

—all new and in good order. Enquire first

corner east.

G. DAVIS.

The following articles, left at the Nor-

mal School from the Commencement Din-

ner, can be found by the owners at the

Ladies' Library, any Saturday from 10 to

12 a. m., and from 2 to 5 p. m.: 2 pickle

casters, 2 glass dishes, 5 plates, 1 white

apron, 1 platter.

The following, left from last year's din-

ner, are also at the Library: 10 plates, 1

tray, 1 2-quart fruit can, 1 plated fork, 1

plated tea spoon.

The Harrison veterans of this city are

talking of organizing a club, to work for

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1888.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

EAST.

At Pittsburgh, Monday, Captain Lewis Clark, convicted of selling liquor without license on the excursion steamer Mayflower, was fined \$700 and sentenced to seven months' imprisonment in the county jail.

Governor Hill heard arguments at Albany Monday on the application of the State of Ohio, for the extradition of Ives, Staynor and Woodruff, who are in Canada. The hearing was adjourned to Aug. 7.

John Tener defeated Hamlin, Hosmer, Ten Eyck, and Henley in a three-mile race at Syracuse, N. Y., Monday, winning \$1,000 and a championship medal. The race was rowed in twenty minutes.

The funeral of the Rev. E. P. Roe, the novelist, took place at Cornwall N. Y., Monday.

Nine Apache Indian convicts were received at the Columbus (Ohio) Penitentiary Monday. They were convicted of various crimes, from murder down to horse-stealing.

League ball games Monday resulted: Indianapolis, 2; Chicago, 1—Pittsburg, 5; Detroit, 1—New York, 2; Boston, 0—Washington, 4; Philadelphia, 3.

A bronze statue of General Moses Cleaveland, the founder of the city of Cleveland, was unveiled at that place Monday. The monument stands on the spot where he first landed.

A New York man, Mr. Underhill, was dangerously shot Saturday night at Bath Beach while promenading with a lady acquaintance. His assailant is unknown.

W. E. Ellsworth, for fifteen years a conductor on the New York and New Haven road, was arrested at New Haven, Conn., Friday, for having defrauded the company by selling unprinted tickets to scalpers. He made a confession.

General Thomas Young, ex-Governor of Ohio, expired Friday afternoon in his residence at Cincinnati.

The storm at Wheeling Thursday night has cut off all railroad communication between Wheeling and Pittsburg, both the Baltimore and Ohio and the Panhandle being blocked. The damage on the Baltimore and Ohio is mostly due to landslides, washouts, and destruction of bridges. Superintendent Paton says it is impossible to estimate the losses.

Henry Paxton Goddard, representing himself as a special maxima, was arrested at Pittsburg Friday. He is said to have succeeded in securing a large amount of money from pension claimants. It is understood that he is wanted in several Southern and Western cities.

An international race between members of the New York Canoe Club and the Royal Canoe Club, of England, is announced to take place in New York bay about the middle of September.

League ball games Friday resulted: Chicago, 2; Detroit, 1—Washington, 2; Boston, 1—New York, 7; Philadelphia, 6—Pittsburg, 4; Indianapolis, 0.

The Rev. E. P. Roe, the novelist, died suddenly Thursday evening in his home at Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

The New York legislature Friday abolished the use of machinery in penal institutions, decreeing that convicts shall make only and by hand the goods required in the prison system. It also abolished the New York City Aqueduct Commission, and delegated to Mayor Hewett the formation of a new commission of seven members, three of whom shall be city officials.

President Green, of Western Union, states that an advance in cable rates to 25 cents a word will be made in a few days.

At Toronto, Ontario, Dr. Whiting, sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to receive fifty lashes for criminally assaulting his 11-year-old niece, Friday received his first installment of twenty-five lashes. He groaned and writhed in a fearful manner all the time the punishment was being inflicted.

Judge Davidson, of Montreal, has ordered the arrest of Pitcher, who robbed the Providence (R. I.) Bank, on a charge of forgery.

A five-masted center-board schooner, the length of the keel of which is 225 feet, is now on the stocks at Waldboro, Me., and will be launched in October. She will be the largest vessel of the kind afloat, and will run in the coal trade between Baltimore and Providence.

League ball games Thursday resulted: Chicago, 4—Detroit, 3—Washington, 2; Boston, 0—Philadelphia, 7; New York, 1—Pittsburg, 5; Indianapolis, 3.

An expedition started from Camden, N. J., Friday, to search for the treasure of the British shipwreck Braak, sunk near the Delaware Breakwater in 1798. The wreck is believed to contain \$20,000,000 in Spanish gold.

George Bidwell, one of the men who, fifteen years ago, swindled the Bank of England out of £1,000,000, is attending the sessions of the National Prison Association at Boston. He served fourteen years in England, five years of which were spent in solitary confinement. He is nearly 50 years of age.

A. J. Welch of Hartford, Conn., has sold to Signor Mimmo, of Rome, Italy, the stallion Atlantic (2-1) and the bay mare Valkyr (2-1%). For the stallion Mr. Welch receives \$15,000, and for the mare \$9,000.

Fanny Davenport, the actress, has been granted an absolute divorce from her husband, Horatio M. Price.

At Cincinnati, Wednesday, the will of Jonathan Ogden, father-in-law of Mr. Philip Armour of Chicago, was offered for probate. The estate is valued at \$1,000,000, and is bequeathed share and share to Mr. Ogden's three children—Carson G. and Frank W. Ogden and Mrs. Belle Ogden Armour.

The New York State Hop Growers' Association passed resolutions, Wednesday, declaring themselves political enemies of persons not friendly to hops, malt, or beer.

Theodore Balfour Hamlin is reported to have tried a trial half-mile at Buffalo Tuesday in a 2-2½—2-2½ suit. It can hardly be recorded as a record however.

Henry Conrad Ebert, who shot and killed his wife and attempted suicide, losing an eye by the operation, was hanged Tuesday forenoon at Jersey City. Richard Kearney, who brutally murdered Mrs. Margaret Purcell, because she resisted a criminal assault upon her, paid the extreme penalty of the law at Fredrich, N. J.

Canada, at present, has no murderers under sentence of death, a fact which is said to be almost without precedence.

League ball games Tuesday resulted: New York, 7; Chicago, 4—Detroit, 7; Boston, 6—Philadelphia, 2; Pittsburg, 0—Indianapolis, 11; Washington, 5.

It is alleged that Henry S. Tyes and George H. Starnor, indicted at Cincinnati for irregularities connected with the C. H. & D. Road, have left New York and are now safe in Canada, having registered at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, last Friday morning.

The New York Legislature met in special session Tuesday for the purpose of appropriating funds to provide work for State convicts.

Lester A. Bartlett, President of the Spencer Arms Co., died Monday at Atlantic City, N. J. He was the first student to enlist from Oberlin University at the outbreak of the war.

Edenzer Staynard, the Youngstown murderer, was hanged in the Columbus (Ohio) Penitentiary at an early hour this (Friday) morning. He played the accordion before mounting the scaffold, and met death stoically.

WEST AND SOUTH.

Colonel Baylor, in compliance with an order from the War Department, Monday, enforced the eight-hour law as regards the guards at the government bridges at the Rock Island Arsenal. The extra duty will be performed by soldiers.

James Stephenson, of Montezuma, Ind., a leader in the Methodist Church, and superintendent of the Sunday School, is charged with having embezzled twelve hundred dollars of the public school funds and fled to Canada.

Ten miles from Red Wing, Minn., Monday afternoon a passenger train on the Cannon Falls branch of the Milwaukee struck a cow and went down a twenty-five-foot embankment. W. A. Clark, of Hurley, Wis., was crushed under a car and killed. A lady belonged to Stetson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe had a leg broken, and other passengers were injured.

Samuel Baldwin, of Quincy, Ill., Monday made one of the most daring balloon ascents and parachute descents on record. He left his balloon at a height of 8,000 feet and landed two miles from the starting point eight minutes after. He was badly shaken up.

Sunday night Mrs. Jessie McKinney, who with her daughter, Bernice Bishop, was camping at Clear Lake, Iowa, ordered three men who were lounging around her cottage to come in if they were gentlemen, or, if not to leave the grounds. They accepted the first invitation and as one of the men stepped in she picked up a revolver and told them to leave and fired five shots after them as they ran, one bullet striking J. F. Sullivan in the head and causing a fatal wound. Mrs. McKinney was arrested.

At Raleigh, N. C., Monday, Cross and White, bank officers, were convicted on the first indictment and sentenced to seven and five years at hard labor respectively. An appeal was taken and bail fixed at \$10,000 each, which has not been given.

At Harlan Courthouse, Ky., several grocerymen were charged with selling liquor in spite of the local prohibition law, and as there was no evidence against them there were discharged. As County, Judge Lewis, before whom they were tried, was riding out of town at evening, one of the accused, John H. Barley, fired at him. Lewis returned to town and instituted a search, finding several packages of liquor, which were emptied into the street. Sunday the whisky men and prohibitionists met in the street and 100 shots were exchanged, five men being wounded, but nobody killed.

L. B. Hess, of Peoria, Ill., and W. M. Laughlin, of Galesburg, were bound over to the grand jury at LaSalle Monday in amounts of \$2,500 and \$2,000 respectively on the swindling. They were held for selling lots in the imaginary town of Hastings, Kan., to the amount of \$2,000, representing it to be a thriving city, when it was really uninhabited prairie land.

There was great rejoicing at Marion, Ind., Monday, over the signing of the bill by the President for a National Soldier's Home, to be located at that place. A pyrotechnic display and a serenade to Major Steele, who was instrumental in having the bill passed, were among the features.

At Aurora, Ill., Saturday, charged with aiding in the dynamite plots against the Burlington.

James T. Clark, general superintendent of the Milwaukee road, died at Milwaukee Saturday night.

Cross and White, the bank officials of Raleigh, N. C., were convicted Saturday and sentenced to seven and five years' imprisonment respectively.

Oscar Doran, an engineer at the Cerealine mills at Columbus, Ind., was murdered by his wife Saturday morning at the Farley hotel. The woman poured carbolic acid down his throat while he was sleeping.

Messrs. Hoge and Murphy visited Nebraska lodges of the Burlington strikers Saturday. Several lodges in Illinois, Iowa, and other states have been visited, and the men found to be strongly in favor of continuing the strike.

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STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

The Illinois Baptist Assembly at Sartor Springs, will remain in session fifteen days, from July 22.

At an exhibition at Robinson, Leon King fell from a slack wire forty feet, sustaining severe injuries.

Moses Wanzer, of Dundee, after an unsuccessful attempt at suicide by drowning, cut his throat with a razor and died.

Grant Woulton, who escaped from Jailer Washburn last fall, was captured at Fairbury, and brought back to Vandalia.

Interest in the "Promised Land" camp meeting has been excellent, and the deepest enthusiasm for the cause was manifested.

There is almost an epidemic of cholera-morbus in Paris. One case strongly resembles cholera. Sanitary precautions have been taken.

Grafton Weakly, an old resident of Shellyville, dropped dead while sodding a grave in the family cemetery. The coroner's jury say death was due to heart-disease.

William Rendleman, a lad eighteen years of age, was found suide in Coloma by shooting himself. It is supposed that he set fire to Studmister's premises on July 4, and this led to his suicide.

Perry Bennett, aged 20, years, residing three miles south of Lewiston, was struck by lightning during the progress of a terrific storm and instantly killed. Three companions were knocked insensible.

The pioneer settlers of Piatt county, will hold a reunion Aug. 15, during the Piatt County Fair. They will be on exhibition on the fair grounds the first house ever built in Piatt county, erected sixty-six years ago by George Hawthorn.

Cyrus Pierce, a prominent physician of Taylorville, attempted suicide by taking ten grains of morphine. He left a note addressed to his son saying:

"Guy, be a good boy and do God's will."

Miss Emma Bond, the girl made famous by the Christian country outgrowth of 1882, is in Decatur on a visit to friends. She is a picture of health and weighs 165 pounds. The story sent out from Taylorville last fall that she had gone to Nebraska to marry a rancher was false. She is still single.

John Fay of Champaign, implied on the "Cincinnati Enquirer" that the Central, while passing on a freight car to the side of an engine near Seymour, fell unnoticed from the train and was found an hour afterward with his leg crushed off below the knee. He died soon after amputation. He leaves a wife and six children.

There is not the slightest foundation in fact for the report of an contemplated sale of the Central by John D. Gentry, president of the estate gone on as usual, and Mr. Scully's agents and attorneys say that they have received no instructions from headquarters to enter into any offers from would-be buyers.

A permanent parsonage designed as a memorial to the late Mrs. E. B. Washburn and the late William Heywood, of Chicago, for the use of Galena, has been proposed by the trustees of the South Presbyterian Church of the latter city. The residence, one of the finest in the city, is known as the Shisher property, and cost originally \$12,000.

The Board of Fair Directors held a business meeting at Moavequa and transacted much important business. The date of the fair was fixed for Sept. 28, and it promises to be the largest ever held in the state. The following officers were elected: President, W. C. Miller; vice-president H. F. Day; secretary, V. Snyder, Jr., and treasurer, J. E. Adelot.

The outcome of the demand made by August Huesing for a statement of his relation to Rock Island County resulted in the adoption of a motion by the Board of Supervisors that Huesing over the county \$57. Huesing is the new appointee of President Cleveland for postmaster of Rock Island, and was formerly sheriff of the county.

Mrs. Julia Curtis, of Logansport, Ind., 60 years old, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. V. Vannatta, in Springfield, was dangerously ill. A little 6-year-old boy from a neighboring house was spending the day at the Vannatta's and some one gave him a revolver to play with, saying it was not loaded. In a few minutes after the child received the weapon it was discharged, the ball striking Mrs. Curtis in the side.

Three men brutally assaulted Blanche Peck, aged 21, near Argenta, and left her dead and half-fried in the road. She was found the next morning. The girl charges Alfred Williams, John Williams and another as the perpetrators of the deed. Officers are in pursuit of the men, who, if caught, will be summarily dealt with. Near the place where the girl was found was a bottle marked "carbolic acid." Miss Peck may never recover.

Two grown daughters of Jacob Nye, a well-to-do farmer living eight miles south of Princeton, were adjudged insane and will be sent to Jacksonsville for treatment. The father and mother and another daughter are also insane. The family of five were all stricken with this strange malady the same day, and nothing was available to help the cause, as all were well and usual a few days ago and there had been no unusual excitement in the neighborhood. They spend their time in singing and praying and seem to fear being poisoned.

MICHIGAN.

Thieves blew the safe in Mr. Duffy's safe in Holland, and got \$550.

Edward Palmer, of Gratiot County, was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary for the murder of his wife.

A Kalamazoo man is indignant because the authorities of the insane asylum only gave him \$1 for the capture and return of an escaped lunatic.

Several hundred citizens of Marshall were at Glad Lake on Saturday, July 1, and as an accident happened on the railway by which the train was unable to reach them they had to stay in the woods all night.

The startling story of the murder of an unknown girl, told by the Roberts boy, was proved to be false. The boy was compelled to dig up nearly an acre of land where he said the body had been buried, and finally, when tired out, confessed that his story was a full-fledged lie.

Richard Fletcher, of Coloma, farmer, and very ill, worried about his crops. His neighbors, en masse, worked for him one afternoon, cultivating all of his fields for him, and this dose of big-heartedness, says the Berrien County Journal, proved the best medicine Fletcher could desire.

The Fair of July celebration in Detroit was made doubly interesting by the fact that the owner was Rev. Father Riley of Detroit. It was the first time in twenty years that he had made a Fourth of July speech, and let 'em have the full benefit of his pent-up patriotism.

Seven Ottawa County farmers went fishing on Lake Michigan recent in the proper observance of an annual custom, in their neighborhood. They had a long day, and were hilariously appropriated to a boat, and since then have paid \$35 into the County Treasury in order to keep out of jail on conviction of larceny.

The state encampment at Mackinac Island opened very successfully in point of attendance, but with more actual suffering than was perhaps to be expected on a similar occasion. It is all because of the heat and the fact that through some blunder most of the blankets for such an emergency were side-tracked between there and Detroit.

Charles H. Wright, Assistant Superintendent of the City Mailing Department of the Detroit postoffice, was arrested charged with having embezzled \$1,000. Post office inspectors claim that Wright has been stealing ever since he was employed by the government some thirteen years ago. He had worked his way up from a clerkship. He confessed his crime.

Charles Duchane, who will celebrate his one hundredth birthday, lives in Grand Haven. He claims to be the first tree down on the prairie, where he located the beautiful and prosperous city of Grand Rapids, with its 80,000 inhabitants. He appears to be in good health and says if it were not for poor eyesight could run a successful race with a boy of sixteen.

Deputy Sheriff Charles Sears, of Jackson County, arrested on a Michigan Central train near Detroit William Smith, aged twenty-four, and John Miserly, aged twenty-nine, who committed a burglary at Kalama-

zo. They were heavily armed and had complete sets of burglars' tools, dynamite cartridges and fuses. Both men were Chicago burglars working their way East.

In the town of Franklin, ten miles north of Adrian, John Bunting, either maniac or神经病者, shot and wounded several in his neighborhood, shooting indiscriminately. Mrs. Dawson and Bridgeman, G. Wells were grazed by bullets, and later in the night the large farm buildings of Crowell Eddy were burned. The theory is that they were fired by Bunting and that his remains will be found in the ruins.

Polygamy Brown, very nervous, weak-kneed and hysterical, was brought to Justice Hagan in the police court at Detroit. His attorneys waived examination for their client and he was remanded for trial in the Recorder's Court. Two of Brown's wives appeared to testify against him—Anna M. Hagel, of Pontiac, and May Benjamin, of Detroit. Mrs. Brown had been away when she was arrested, the police court and a group of Brown's and was carried into the clerks' office, where she was revived.

At Port Huron fire broke out in the Electric Light Company's building, containing seven dynamos and a large quantity of electric supplies. The building was washed away, and the gas light was turned off. The Baltimore & Ohio bridge over the river was washed away, and the track was lifted from the road-bed and twisted into all conceivable shapes for miles at a stretch. At some places it is impossible to discern where the road-bed has been, while with the exception of only an occasional gap on high and solid ground, the entire bed is badly damaged.

Interest centers in the destruction of the Baltimore & Ohio bridge over Wheeling creek at Main street and the fatalities which attended this disaster. Several of those on the bridge were popular passengers in the city, and their absence is not noticed. So far as can be definitely known there were four men and three boys not since heard from on the bridge when it went down.

It is the now that twenty-three persons have been drowned at various places. Among them are Charles Caulfield of the New York Naval Academy, who was found among the driftwood near Philadelphia; two German brothers, and the sheriff of Marshall county. The destruction of life and property at Triadelphia was awful. Fifteen families are homeless and saved nothing but what they could carry on. Half of the houses of the village of 600 inhabitants were swept away. The storm extended sixteen miles east of West Alexander, Pa., and the scene along the way is one of desolation and inexcusable horror. Where the Triadelphia schoolhouse, a large building of six stories, stood there is now a ragged flood and not vestige of even the foundations remains. The whole south half of the town has disappeared as if it never existed. Two cemeteries were washed out, and the coffins with bodies floated down the river.

—A fatal shooting affair occurred at Perry, which the boy was shot through the shoulder. The mother of Thomas Hayes, and the son of the master of a lumber yard, and a popular and well-to-do business man. Hayes had in a row with McCleary and another man and was getting badly punished, when Everett sprang in to aid McCleary. Then Hayes pulled a revolver and shot Everett and McCleary. McCleary is dangerously hurt, but Hayes has not been arrested. He claims self-defense.

Several lady passengers from the steamer Lynch, anchored at Marquette, miraculously escaped a terrible death while waiting for the vessel to clear. They walked over to the Curtis saw mill and for nearly an hour sat near the engine-room watching the men. As they arose to walk away and before they had scarcely got out of the aisle a dynamo exploded, took off, which took out part of the hull, completely wrecking the place they had just left and hurling part of the cylinder and the piston rod far out into the lake. Had it occurred a moment sooner not one could have escaped. The mill was badly damaged but no one was hurt.

—Henry Lehman, of Fort Wayne, choked to death while eating dinner.

—George W. Ferrard, a farmer residing eight miles south of Indianapolis, shot and killed William Maples, also a farmer.

A Fort Wayne horse bit an electric light wire in two while the current was on. The animal was knocked over, but soon recovered.

—Arthur Chambers, recently from Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, committed suicide at Ligonier, by taking morphine. He was an Englishman; about thirty years old.

—James M. Crow, a merchant in Bononia, after suffering for five years from stomach trouble of an unknown character, vomited a strong smelling animal sick-sapse long.

—Frank Hays, of Logansport, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for larceny. On Decoration Day he picked the pockets of passengers on the Wabash Railway.

—Mrs. John Goings, colored (Aunt Calloway), aged seventy-two, got off a train at Longwood, near Coopersville, to visit friends and died in the road. She has been married five times.

—Mrs. Tibballs of Delaware, mother of F. D. Tibballs, of Millersburg, fell downstairs at the latter place with a child in her arms, breaking her shoulder, though the child escaped unharmed.

—Two residents of Sims, Grant County, undertook to drill a gas well with a home-made apparatus and without a derrick, and as far as we can learn, succeeded.

—Dick Driftwood's warehouse at Fox Station, containing 5,000 bushels of grain, was totally destroyed by fire. The loss is \$7,000; insurance, \$3,000. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

—At Seymour John Presley, aged four, walked out of a second-story window in his sleep, fracturing his knee-cap and breaking his ankles. He did not survive, but if he does will be equipped for life.

—The sixteen-year-old son of Mrs. Jenkins, of Terre Haute, who killed her young niece was arrested charged with complicity in the crime, the boy having given his mother the gun with which the murder was committed.

—William Meyers, residing near Osgood, found a man dead in his barn, and the coroner decided that heat and cholera morbus were the causes of death. He is supposed to have been David Knapp, formerly of Pennsylvania.

—A little daughter of Joseph Bewes of Roann, fell under the wheels of the caboose attached to a Wabash Western train and cinders ears backed over her body. By laying flat on the ties before the rails the little one escaped unharmed.

—An attempt was made at Jefferson with a team when it gave way, fatally injuring the driver and killing the buggy. The men saved themselves by jumping as the buggy went into the ravine.

—An attempt was made at Jefferson to shoot a team when it gave way, fatally injuring the driver and killing the buggy.

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FURY OF THE STORM.

More than Twenty Persons Lost Their Lives by the Cloud-Burst Near Wheeling.

Fifteen Miles of One Railway Washed Away so That Its Course is Hardly Distinguishable.

The damage caused by Friday night's storm can hardly be imagined from the figures which count already sent out. Investigation shows a wide area of desolation, in which life and destruction of property is great.

The line of the Pittsburg division of the Baltimore & Ohio bridge will have to be replaced.

—Doan's judge of a man's beauty by his whiskers. He may grow 'em to conceal pimples and scars.

—Doan's judge of a woman's good natur' by her talk on a street kyar or the way she smiles in church.

—One reason why our chil'ren git sick so often is because their parents happen to be the biggest.

—It is only a fool who goes around lookin' for a model man. A man without faults would be too soft to stand this climate.

—While a consistency should be re-spected in a purely way, doan' hesitate to squirm out of any sort of a loophole when argyin' wid a lawyer.

—About de time a man begins to assert dat dis world owes him a libin' ar' about de date when he should get his fust sentense to the State Prison.

—When you h'ar a pusson argyfing dat dar' am no such thing as fachur' punishment you has lighted upon an old sinner who ar' tryin' to lie to his self.

—You compliment some men altogether to highly to call 'em a hog. I hev noticed dat no hog gets drunk except by accident.

—While I admit dat George Washington was a great an' good man, I would not, if I was runnin' a co'ner grocery, trust any odder American on dat account.

—De man who am illus ally ready to fight on for his convictions will fight on de wrong side at least half de time.

—If it wasn't fur nayborhood gossip some chill'en would go widow shoes, an' some mothers would put six mo' dollars into their bonnets.

—An egotistical puss is simly a recklessness in Nature's lookin'-glass.

—Dignity ar' de fence which sartin people build up to keep de world from gittin' in clu's nuff' to find out how bad reely am."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Unpleasant "Cape Doctor."

—Of all the desolate, unkempt-looking places in the world the suburb of Cape Town we passed through, under the shadow of the mountain, is the most unkempt and desolate. It is not an acceptable side of the town, and no one lives here who can possibly avoid it. For here the celebrated southeast, the "cape doctor," as the Anglo-Indians call it, blows the strongest. And the "cape doctor's" strongest is no joke.

—Where it comes from no one knows, for it is a purely local wind, and it always seems possible to get behind it by going a few miles to the windward. Some people aver that it is brewed on top of the mountain and comes down just upon Cape Town itself and nowhere else. There are all sorts of queer things going on top of this mountain; witness for instance, the celebrated white tablecloth that hangs over it whenever a southeaster is at work. But wherever it comes from it is an unmistakable reality, as you soon learn, for it whirls barrow-loads of gravel in your face, or spins you around like a teetotum at the street corners.—New Haven Palladium.

—Sad Disappointed.

—One day a week or two ago a lady from Philadelphia brought an letter of introduction to President Cleveland that insured her a private interview. She was accompanied by a bright little son, aged six years. The President received them in his office, and sat by his desk and talked in a friendly way to his visitor. Presently the mother noticed her boy frowning and sulking in his chair. She whispered an inquiry as to the cause of his apparent trouble.

—Most of the crew were asleep at the time of the explosion. The captain was awakened from his sleep by the explosion and at once informed the master of the vessel that the boat had run aground. The master and the first officer made rapid escape as the intended victim was being lowered into the water.

—Charles Luster was found outside of the cabin, lying on his face. He was not dead, and told them that he had run out there as soon as he could recover from the shock of the explosion. He was almost blacked, his skin was parched, and little jets of blood stood out in his eyes. He was dead.

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1888.

Republican County Convention.
A Republican County Convention to elect eight delegates to the Republican State Convention to be held at Detroit on Wednesday, August 1, 1888, for the purpose of nominating presidential candidates, state officers, etc., will be held on the 18th of August, at the Convention of the Second Congressional District, to be called hereafter, and to transact such other business as may properly come before it, the same to be held at the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor on

TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1888.

at 11 o'clock. The cities, wards, and townships will be entitled to delegates in the County Convention as follows:

Ann Arbor City	Pittsfield	Oral, 14 Weeks.
First Ward	5 Salem	4 Albia Vought,
Second	4 Saline	4 Alta Gill,
Third	4 Tecumseh	4 Alta Gill,
Fourth	3 Sharon	Written, 13 Weeks.
Fifth	3 Superior	Nellie McDonald,
Sixth	3 Sylvan	Mamie Vought, written, Albie Vought, Oral.
North Arbor Town	3 York	Written, 13 Weeks.
Augusta	4 Ypsilanti Town	Mr. Fowler's District, who so kindly and courteously helped to make our picnic a day of enjoyment to all, also Mr. S. Sweet for his music, will please accept the sincere thanks of THE TEACHER.
Bridgewater	4 Ypsilanti City	
Dexter	3 Ypsilanti City	
Elkhorn	3 First Ward	
Lima	4 Second	
Lodi	3 Third	
Lyon	3 Fourth	
Manchester	3 Fifth	
Northfield	5	

By order of the Committee.

W. M. OSBAND, Chairman.

Immediately after the adjournment of the Convention, a meeting of the Republican County Committee will be held in the office of the Ann Arbor Courier. A full attendance is requested.

W. M. OSBAND, Chairman.

Republican Township Caucuses.

The Republicans of Ypsilanti Township are requested to meet at the Town Hall, Saturday, July 28, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing five delegates to the County Convention to be held at Ann Arbor, July 31. Caucus will convene at 3 o'clock.

By order of the Committee.

GEO. C. CRIPPEN, Chairman.

City Convention.

The republican voters of the city of Ypsilanti will meet at D. C. Griffen's office, Friday evening, July 27, at 7 o'clock, to select delegates to the Convention in Ann Arbor, next Tuesday. The number of delegates to be chosen is as follows: 1st ward, 4; 2d ward, 3; 3d ward, 4; 4th ward, 3; 5th ward, 4. By order of City Committee.

H. S. BOUTELL, Chairman.

Neighborhood.

BELLEVILLE.

Did you see the eclipse? James Freeman is attending the races at Detroit, this week.

Miss Jennie Gordon of Fenton is visiting friends here.

Miss Little Rice of Fayette, O., returned home Tuesday.

The first rally of the Soldiers and Citizens' Association of Belleville was held at the church, Friday evening. There were 800 people in attendance.

Deputy Sheriff Cody of Detroit was in town, Friday.

Fred Roth and wife spent Sunday at Belden.

Misses Eva Smith and Effie Sands spent Tuesday at Port Huron.

Sidney Keys is visiting friends at New Boston.

RAWSOONVILLE.

Miss Jennie Gordon of Fenton has been visiting friends at this place.

Mrs. Laura Davis of Delhi, is with her mother, Mrs. Bucklin, who is quite sick.

Mrs. A. German had thirty-one sheep killed on the Wabash railroad last week.

The social, last Saturday, was a success financially.

Mrs. R. R. Roberts who has been quite ill is improving slowly.

The Ypsilantian five months for fifty cents. Fred Gilbert, agent.

Dennis Cheever is convalescing slowly under the care of Dr. P. W. Felt, of Belleville.

Our base ball club has two new players, Will Fell of woolen factory fame, and Hale Sherman, the constable of Van Buren. The club play a club of novices Saturday afternoon at Rogers Park.

DENTONS.

The refreshing rain, Sunday, was very acceptable. Many had already come to the conclusion that the great drift of laundry was to be repeated again, and the downpour, Sunday, was received with hearty gratitude that will not soon be forgotten.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lowery left Tuesday morning for a three weeks visit with Mrs. Lowery's mother, who lives way down by the sea, in old New Jersey. We wish them much pleasure and diversion on their trip east.

Miss Effie Ayers of Detroit, is enjoying a short vacation with her friends here at present. She is also practicing a little in the art of horseback riding, and says this is all the rage in Detroit.

Mrs. Mary Patten and two children are here visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nowlin. Her home is in the Upper Peninsula.

The new coal firm, Cotton & Smith, are getting on their stock of hard coal. T. B. Moon is also a dealer, and made it very warm for his opposition last season. He will endeavor to keep his reputation good this year. The new firm are both farmers, \$5.75 is the present price of chestnut coal, and the prospects are it will be much lower.

We understand Dr. Jenks has at last found a customer for his house and lot and if he makes a sale, will remove to Ypsilanti. Your city needs a few more physicians, and Dr. Jenks would make a fine acquisition to the fraternity there. We trust he will not be disappointed in not making a sale of his property here.

Mrs. E. Hodey has been in constant attendance at her mother's bedside, Mrs. Geo. Gould, at the McRoberts House in your city. Mrs. Gould is very ill. She was brought home upon a bed from her sister's near Grand Rapids recently, and has been in a precarious condition ever since. Dr. Jenks is treating her at present.

The annual meeting of the Detroit District Camp Meeting at Belleville will commence Tuesday, August 7, at 3 p.m. We notice in the circulars distributed, a new departure announced therein: No tickets will be sold this year on the Sabbath day, and only those who secure tickets during the week will be permitted to pass the outside gate at the public highway on Sunday. Admission ten cents. Mr. L. Barlow has charge of the sale of tickets at this place. I trust everybody will remember this new rule. Secure your tickets and avoid trouble. No open gates only for those who have tickets.

LODI.

Miss Mary Wood and niece, Miss Aura Miller, and Mrs. Rogers, all of Ann Arbor, were the guests of Mrs. A. Wood last week.

Mr. J. Evert Smith of Ypsilanti called on some of his friends in town Saturday. The farmers have taken advantage of the dry weather to secure their wheat and barley in good shape, and as they are now about through with their harvest, they are looking anxiously for the much needed rain to save the corn and potatoes, but the showers seem to pass over us.

Mr. Henry Burns of San Antonio, Texas, spent last week with A. A. Wood. He is here looking up rams for the Texas trade, in company with Mr. Wood visited many of the flocks of this and adjoining counties. He bought quite a number of sheep while here, and leaving Mr. Wood

to complete his purchases here, left on Saturday for Vermont, where he expects to buy more. Mr. Burns reports things in general quite flourishing in Texas, as they had fine rains this summer, but the sheep trade, although not entirely dead, is badly wounded by free trade agitation.

Mrs. W. D. Allen of Leoni, and Mrs. Fred D. Hunt of Kansas City, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wood of this town.

FOWLER'S CORNERS.

Our school has a "Roll of Honor." During the time below specified, no scholar here mentioned has missed a word in spelling.

Oral, 14 Weeks.
First Ward 5 Salem 4 Alta Filkins,
Second 4 Saline 4 Albie Vought,
Third 4 Tecumseh 4 Alta Gill,
Fourth 3 Sharon 4 Alta Gill,
Fifth 3 Superior 4 Alta Gill,
Sixth 3 Sylvan 4 Alta Gill,
North Arbor Town 3 York 4 Alta Gill,
Augusta 5 York 4 Alta Gill,
Bridgewater 4 Ypsilanti Town 5 Alta Gill,
Dexter 3 Ypsilanti City 4 Alta Gill,
Elkhorn 3 First Ward 4 Alta Gill,
Lima 4 Second 4 Alta Gill,
Lodi 3 Third 4 Alta Gill,
Lyons 3 Fourth 4 Alta Gill,
Manchester 3 Fifth 4 Alta Gill,
Northfield 5

Written, 13 Weeks.
Nellie McDonald,
Written, 13 Weeks.
Mamie Vought, written, Albie Vought, Oral.

Written, 13 Weeks.

George Hammond has purchased a new harvester.

Will Dawson has returned to Detroit. Miss Elma Bradshaw spent last week with friends here.

Mrs. Hunt spent the Sabbath at Will Potter's.

Mr. and Mrs. Walters spent the Sabbath with their parents, near Martinsville.

Mrs. Blackmer and Mrs. Wardle of Oakville visited this neighborhood last week. Smith Tabor of Ann Arbor was home last week.

We had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Mr. Curry last Sunday from the text, "Come to Jesus." He is a man of culture and his scholarly efforts cannot fail to please.

SALEM.

The blues which had begun to rage some, on account of the dry weather were dispelled by the rain, Sunday.

Mr. Comstock who is still on the sick list has been unfortunate in securing help this summer, and last Tuesday a large number of his friends and neighbors came with their teams and wagons gathered in his big crop. A little excitement was added to the occasion by the last load tipping over and rolling down hill. No one was injured.

The Union Sunday School Concert will be held Sunday at the Lapham church. The funeral of Miss Dunham, an aunt of M. Manly, occurred at the Dixboro church, Sunday.

Local Excursions for July.
National League Base Ball games at Detroit.

Saturday, July 14 Detroit vs. Boston. Monday, " 19 " Chicago. Monday, " 23 " Pittsburgh. Monday, " 30 " Indianapolis.

One fare for round trip with 50 cts added for admission to ball grounds. Tickets limited to day of sale.

Tri-State League games at Jackson. Wednesday, July 18, Jackson vs. Mansfield. Friday, " 20 " Canton. Wednesday, " 25 " Zanesville. Friday, " 27 " Wheeling. Columbus.

\$1.65 for round trip including ticket to ball grounds.

Grand Rapids July 10th to 13th, good to return until July 14th.

Detroit races, July 24 to 28, good returning to July 30th. One fare round trip with one dollar added for admission.

Democratic State Convention at Detroit. Sell July 18 and 19. Good to return July 20th. One fare for round trip.

Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association Regatta at Grand Rapids, July 21 to 25, tickets good to return July 26. One fare for round trip.

GIVEN AWAY.
A Ticket given with every \$1 or more purchase of goods, entitles the holder to one chance in the drawing of a 5-octave Smith organ, at W. R. Davis' Shoe House, Tyler Block, Congress street, Ypsilanti.

The Bazaar keeps lamps.

British-Americans for Protection. The British-American Association of Troy, at a recent meeting, passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas, The republican platform adopted by the late convention at Chicago is worthy the support of every American citizen who desires the welfare and prosperity of our common country; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That Branch No. 3 of Troy of the British-American Association of the state of New York, do hereby endorse said platform, believing it to be the best calculated to advance the true interests and prosperity of the nation.

"Resolved, That the members of this branch will use all honest endeavors to promote the success of the republican nominees, Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton, at the coming national election."

The members of the association state that they believe the interests of England to be intimately connected with the success of the free-trade movement, but, as American citizens, they believe it their duty to vote and work for American interests and protection.—Tariff League Bulletin.

What's the matter with the following? "I would have the box where the American freeman casts his ballot as sacred as a sacramental vessel. I do not like this conspiracy between the old slaveholder and the English manufacturers to strike down the wages of the American workman and the comforts of an American workman's home. I do not like your refusal to maintain the American navy and to fortify and defend the American coast. And I like no better the present treaty. It leaves the American sailor to be bullied and insulted without redress; and abandons the American right to the fisheries, older than the nation itself, which the valor of our fathers won for us and the wisdom of our fathers preserved for us."

From Speech on the Fisheries Treaty by Hon. G. F. Hoar in U.S. Senate.

WHY SHOULD I

not have confidence in that which has done me a world of good? If you had suffered years with liver complaint and got cured by using Sulphur Bitters, would not you too have confidence in them? J. R. Nash, Hotel Winthrop, Boston.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

YPSILANTI, July 5, 1888.

Wheat	80
Corn, ears	286 30
shelled	50
Oats	300 33
Rye	566 60
Barley, 9 cwt	1 00 0 1 40
Buckwheat	50
Hay	8 00 10 00
Bacon	1 00 0 1 75
Potatoes	306 40
Turnips	30
Onions	85
Parsnips	45 0 60
Cabbage, 9 head	50 8
Butter	12 0 13
Eggs	10
Wool, washed	20 22
unwashed	12 0 16

Notice is hereby given that I forbid all persons from trusting any one on my account, as I shall not pay debts of their contractor after this date. July 23, 1888. ERWIN PECK.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHINGTON, to witness, a resolution of the Probate Court for the County of Washington, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the 23d day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, by Probate Court, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Alford Smith, deceased, William J. Canfield, the administrator of said estate, comes into court to present his account, and to render his final account as such administrator.

Whereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the 18th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the said administrator will present his account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of court, then to be holden in Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said administrator shall give notice to all persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Ypsilantian, a newspaper to be published in the City of Ypsilanti, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. [A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate. WM. G. DORTY, Judge of Probate.

Probate Register.

CLARK S. WORTLEY & BRO.

The Balance of our Stock of

SUMMER GOODS

The Bishop of London has risen to a wit. As he was taking leave of a parishioner with a very large family, the lady said: "But you haven't seen my last baby?" "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to!"

Small amounts of the old postal currency still continue to be offered for redemption at the New York Sub-Treasury. The amount still unredeemed is \$15,000,000, but most of it is doubtless worn out or destroyed.

There was exhibited in the window of a store in Charleston, N. C., the other day the skull of a noted Seminole Indian chief of the early days. A collector for the fair had become possessed of it while traveling in Florida.

Realism attains its climax in Mr. Henry Irving's performance of Robert Macaire. Real water is now an old feature, but Irving jumps through a window of real glass. The fifty or sixty small panes have to be reset every night.

The oldest house in Indiana, the old Moore mansion, situated on the Utica pike, near Four Mile Springs, has recently been torn down. It was built in 1800, of stone and brick, and for many years past has had the reputation of being haunted.

In a recent French murder trial the bones of the murdered man were brought into court and placed before the accused. The man turned pale, but over the ghastly relics reiterated his protestations of innocence, nevertheless he was convicted.

A Biddleford, Me., man while washing the outside of his own windows with the hose thought he would do a neighborly kindness for the lady who lived in the tenement overhead. He meant well, but as the deceptive scene screws failed to show him that the windows were wide open, the effect was not just what he expected.

Ethel Jones, of China, Me., had just been set out doors by her mother when she was heard to scream. Running quickly, her mother saw a large rooster pecking at her head, and the blood running down over her face. She found three large holes dented into her head, made by his spurs, and thinks he would have killed the child if she had not rescued her.

Captain Parr, of Oconee, Ga., tells us of a case of petrification to be found near the bridge at the Appalachee River. He says it is the most perfect specimen he ever saw, being very hard and of a granite form. The substance petrified was the body of a tree. He says the ringlets of the tree can be clearly discerned, also the heart and sap of the tree. Mr. Parr speaks of sending it to the National Museum.

Poison for some animals is food for others. Hogs can eat henbane or hyoscyamus, which is fatal to dogs and most other animals. Dogs and horses are not easily poisoned with arsenic. Goats eat water hemlock with impunity; pheasants, stramonium; rabbits, belladonna; and marmosets are innocuous to pigeons. There is some truth in the old saying that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." This is due to habits and idiosyncrasies.

If the alligator hunters keep up the vigorous warfare they have lately inaugurated in the vicinity of Panasoffkee, Fla., against the reptiles the streams thereabouts will be bereft of them. When the business first commenced some time ago, they were only a few or three at it, but now their name is legion, and they find it no longer profitable to hunt on the lake and outlet and are gradually going farther down the river. The business is paying, as two men get on an average 15 to 20 "gators a night, and the hides bring from 50 cents to \$1.25 each, according to length.

At Canton, China, some 250,000 people live continually upon boats and many never step foot on shore from one year's end to another. The young children have a habit of continually falling overboard, and thus cause a great deal of trouble in effecting a rescue, while in many instances this is impossible and a child is drowned. China is an over-populated country and the Chinese have profited by this drowning proclivity in reducing the surplus population. They attach floats to the male children so that they can be fished out when they tumble into the river. The females are without such protection and are usually left to drown.

"Bellite," the new explosive which has been invented by M. Lamm, of Stockholm, seems destined to knock dynamite and perhaps meltins out of the field. The stuff resembles sulphur and smells like pitch, and is made up in capsules which look like thick wax candles and are covered with glazed paper. It is composed of about four parts of nitrate of ammonium and one part of a mixture of binitro and trinitrobenzine with saltpetre. A shell filled with "bellite" blew a wooden-raftered hut to pieces, and is evidently efficient for blasting purposes. The inventor hopes to be able to demonstrate that it is capable of being used in military operations.

A Bangor young woman one Saturday evening went into a bookstore and asked the clerk, whom she knew well, to pick her out a good novel to read next day. The novel was selected, and the clerk deftly substituted for it a New Testament, made a neat package, and thought that he had played a good joke on the girl. On Monday morning he heard from the joke. The young woman entered the store very white in the face and banged the Testament down on the counter. "I have thrown that in the fire," she said, "if there had been any way in which I could have made you pay for it. I'll never buy a cent's worth of you again so there. Give me the book I bought on Saturday," and then she flounced out of the store.

The new catalogue of the Dresden gallery issued by the director, Dr. Woermann, declares that a careful examination of the pictures recently purchased at comparatively high prices, shows that they are not the genuine work of the artists to whom they have been attributed. Some are only copies; some, the works of other less distinguished artists; some, forgeries. In 1874 and 1875 eighteen pictures, said to be by old masters, were purchased out of the money paid to Saxony as her share of the French war indemnity. Two of them are impostures, three only copies, two not by the painter to whom they are assigned, but by some of his pupils, one is a hastily painted and unfinished work of the artist, one is doubtful, and three by different artists than those named as their painters.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"In Good Humor with Our Circumstances—Health the Grandest Luxury Given to Man."

"Happiness Not Dependent on Outward Circumstances—'Godliness with Contentment Is Great Gain.'"

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday. He took for his subject "In Good Humor with Our Circumstances." His text was Hebrews xiii. 5. "Be content with such things as ye have." The great preacher's discourse was as follows:

"I should ask some one, 'Where is Brooklyn to-day?' he would say. 'At Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island? 'Where is New York to-day?' At Long Branch, 'Where is Philadelphia?' 'Cape May,' 'Where is Boston?' 'At Martha's Vineyard.' 'Where is Virginia?' 'At the Sulphur Springs.' 'Where the great multitude from all parts of the land?' 'At Saratoga,' the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are at home, detained by business or circumstances. Among them, all newspaper men, the hardest worked and the least compensated; city railroad employees, and ferry masters, and the police and the tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of absence, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and others hindered by stringent circumstances, and the great multitude of well-to-do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go. When the express wagon with its mountain of trunks directed to the Catskills or Niagara, goes through the streets, we stand at our window envious and impatient, and wonder why we cannot go as well as others. Fools that we are, as though one could not be happy at home as anywhere else. Our grandmothers and grandfathers had as good a time as we have, long before the first spring was bared at Saratoga or the first deer shot in the Adirondacks. They made their wedding tour to the next farm house, or, living in New York, they celebrated the event by an extra walk on the Battery.

Now the genuine American is not happy until he is going somewhere, and the passion is so great that there are Christian people with their families detained in the city, who come not to the house of God, trying to give people the idea that they are out of town; leaving the dooplate unscored for the same reason, and for two months keeping the front shutters closed while they sit in the back part of the house, the thermometer at ninety! My friend, if it is best for us to go, let us go and be happy. If it is best for us to stay at home, let us stay at home and be happy. There is a great deal of good common sense in Paul's advice to the Hebrews: 'Be content with such things as ye have.' To be content is to be good humor with our circumstances, not picking a quarrel with our obscurity, or our poverty, or our social position. There are four or five grand reasons why we should be content with such things as we have.

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit advised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted, and fondled, and spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury, and have it alone, than, without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagles' down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's ax or a reaper's scythe than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge, and venison, and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon, but who would have taken his Versailles and his Tuilleries if with them we had been obliged to take his gout? "Oh," says one some, "it isn't the grosser pleasures I covet, but the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste." Why, my brother, you have the original from which these pictures are copied.

What is sunset on a wall compared with a sunset hung in loops of fire on the heavens? What is a cascade silent on a canvas compared with a cascade that makes the mountain tremble, its spray ascending like the departed spirit of the water slain on the rocks? Oh, there is a great deal of hollow affectation about a fondness for pictures on the part of those who never appreciate the original from which the pictures are taken. As though a parent should have no regard for his child, but go into ecstasies over its photograph. Bless the Lord to-day, O man! O woman! that though you may be shut out from the gates of heaven, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre, or the Luxembourg, or the Vatican, the royal gallery of the noon-day heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky!

Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war whoop, and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor. I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall street, at the foot of Trinity church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat on the apple stand knitting. I believe real happiness often looks out of the window of an humble home than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theater.

I find Nero growling on a throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find King Abah going to bed noon through melancholy, while near by is Naboth confined in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and Alithophel, one of the greatest lawyers of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself. The wealthiest man, forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated over his large estate, replied: "Ah! you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it." Byron declared in his last hours that he

had never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction. Napoleon I said: "I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of man. I hold life a horror; death is repose." What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension." While, on the other hand, to show how one may be happy under the most disadvantageous circumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English channel, a steamer was crossing along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down toward that voice, and found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the tune of St. Martin's:

Jesus lover of my soul.
Let me to thy bosom fly.
While the bilows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

The heart right toward God and man, we are happy. The heart wrong toward God and man, we are unhappy.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the land you culture, the places in which you barter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the senator, and the president, and the king is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanic's hammer or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now, whether there is a plain stone above them from which the traveler pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtue to the skies.

In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumbplings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the fields in the east for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the sepulchers of kings and lords and mighty men. On the margin of those men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano.

Of how much worth now is the crown of Caesar? Who bids for it? Who cares now anything about the Amphictyonic council or the laws of Lycurgus? Who trembles now because Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats? Who fears because Nebuchadnezzar thunders at the gates of Jerusalem? Who cares now whether or not Cleopatra marries Antony? Who crouches before Ferdinand, or Boniface, or Alaric? Can Cromwell dissolve the English parliament now? Is William, prince of Orange, king of the Netherlands? No!

However much Elizabeth may love the Russian crown, she must pass it to Peter, and Peter to Catherine, and Catherine to Paul, and Paul to Alexander, and the German scepter into the hand of Joseph, and Philip comes down of the Spanish throne to let Ferdinand go on, House of Aragon, house of Bourbon, house of Stuart, house of Bourbons, quelling stout everything else, but agreeing in this: "The fashion of this world passeth away." But have all these dignitaries gone? Can they not be called back? I have been in assemblies where I have heard the roll called, and many distinguished men have answered. If I should call the roll to-day of some of those mighty ones who have gone, I wonder if they would not answer. I will call the roll. I will call the roll of the kings: Alfred the Great! William the Conqueror! Frederick II! Louis XIV! No answer. I will call the roll of the poets: Robert Southey! Thomas Campbell! John Keats! George Crabbe! Robert Burns! No answer. I call the roll of artists: Michael Angelo! Paul Veronese! William Turner! Christopher Wren! No answer. Eyes closed. Ears deaf. Lips silent. Hands palsied. Scepter, pencil, pen, sword, put down forever. Why should we struggle for such baubles?

Another reason why we should cultivate this spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that God knows what is best for his creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought to be. He criticizes your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judgment is best for him. Now, God is the best of fathers. Sometimes his children think that he is hard on them, and that he is not as liberal with them as he might be. But children do not know as much as a father. I can tell you why you are not largely affluent, and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own surefootedness; but God roughened that path, so you have to take hold of his hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have lolled along the water courses; but at the first howl of the storm you quickened your pace heavenward, and wrapped around you the wings of a Saviour's righteousness. "What have I done?" says the wheatsheaf to the farmer, "what have I done, that you beat me so hard with your flail?" The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes of the straw, and the will blows the chaff to the wind, and the golden grain falls down at the foot of the windmill. After a while, the straw looking down from the moon upon the golden grain banked up on either side the floor, understands why the farmer beat him in heaven. Be content, then, with a volley which caused the flail.

Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war whoop, and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor. I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall street, at the foot of Trinity church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat on the apple stand knitting.

What are those before the throne? The answer came: "These are they who, out of great tribulation, had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Would God that we could understand that our trials are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we should know why it was that John Noyra, the martyr, in the very midst of the flame reached down and picked up one of the daggers that was consuming him, and kissed it, and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born to this preferment." They who suffer with him on earth shall be glorified with him in heaven. Be content, then, with such things as you have.

Another consideration leading us to the spirit of the text is the assurance that the Lord will provide somehow. Will he who holds the water in the hollow of his hand allow his children to die of thirst? Will he who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit, allow his children to starve? Go out to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock into the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast, they know not where they will dine, they have no idea where they will sup; but hear the birds chant at 5 o'clock in the morning. "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet hear their heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?" Seven thousand people in Christ's time went into the desert. They were the most improvident people ever heard of. They deserved to starve. They

ON THE WING.

The crack club—The policeman's billy.—*Alton Democrat.*

A man who goes to the root of things—The dentist.—*New York Tribune.*

The "big head" is a complaint peculiar to small men.—*San Francisco Alta.*

The typewriter is the only woman who takes kindly to dictation.—*New York Star.*

Curious, isn't it? That lunatic asylums are not allowed to take in sane people.—*New York Tribune.*

Sunday seems to be a day of rest for some people, and a day of arrest for others.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Quite a number of newspapers are being fitted for their summer libel suits.—*Birmingham Republican.*

"Well," said the undertaker, "I'm not much of a fighter, but when it comes to boxing, I can easily lay out a man."—*Exchange.*

First Domestic—"Where are we living now?" Second Domestic "That was—I ain't livin' at all; I'm married."—*New Haven News.*

It is said that the poet Tennyson sometimes spends hours on a single line. A Texas horseflesh has known how to do the same thing.—*Texas Siftings.*

"I prefer a violinist as an escort," remarked Amy. "Why?" asked Mildred. "He is thoroughly familiar with the duties of the bow."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

You can't always judge the degree of the fervor of a man's piety by the amount of rattle he succeeds in getting out of the coin that he drops into the contribution box.—*Somerville Journal.*

"John," said his wife (they were in a sleeping car), "for goodness sakes, wake up!" "Wha-what's the matter?" "You are snoring so, people will think we're off the track."—*New York Sun.*

Mistress (to servant)—"I want you to do your best to-day, Bridget, and have everything put for to-night's dinner." Bridget—"Shure 'an' Oi will, mun, for it's Pat himself wat'll be here this blessed evenin'."—*Texas Siftings.*

The dead languages were killed by being studied too hard," said a smart Oxford freshman at the breakfast table the other morning, but he fell heavily upon his book when a young lady opposite replied, "I guess you didn't have anything to do with the murderer."—*London Rare-Bits.*

Mr. Mould (the undertaker)—"I heard some bad news to-day. A man whom I've known for years has just died." Mrs. Mould (inclined to be playful)—"That ought not to be very bad news for us, Uriah." Mr. Mould—"He was blown up by dynamite, my dear."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

"What is the matter with your face?" asked one traveling man of another, whose countenance was like a railroad map. "Oh, nothing much," was the reply; "a friend of mine with whom I had an argument said he didn't like it the way it was, and fixed it up different for me."—*Merchant Traveller.*

A grave-looking man entered the office of a New York morning daily on Friday and said, with an interrogation in his voice: "I don't see anything about the big centennial celebration of the Presbyterian Assembly at Philadelphia in your paper this morning?" "No," said the editor; "you see, there was a big horse race and several ball games yesterday, and we had to crowd something out."—*Norristown Herald.*

A Well-Matched Couple. A few days ago a Rock county couple came to St. Paul. They had got well along in years and being without children had decided to come to the city and apply at one of the orphan asylums for a child to adopt. While on the train coming to St. Paul they had some discussion on the subject, in which a decided dissimilarity of views was developed. The wife wanted to adopt a girl baby, while the husband insisted that the foster child should be a boy baby. She would not budge an inch from the position she had assumed on the question, and he was equally tenacious to his purpose of adopting a boy—and so they argued the question all the way to St. Paul to the intense edification of all the passengers seated in their vicinity, and they landed at St. Paul with the problem still unsolved. They went to the Merchants

FOR THE LADIES.

A Cosmopolitan Woman's Involuntary Impulses—The Language of Veils, Etc.

A Cosmopolitan Woman.

She went around and asked subscriptions for the heathen black Egyptians And the Terra del Fuegians. She did; For the tribes round Athabasca, And the men of Madagascar, And the poor souls of Alaska, So she did; She longed to buy jelly cake and jam and pie For the Anthrophophag, So she did.

Her heart ached for the Australians, And the Borribooool-Ghahians, And the poor, dear Amahaggar, Yes she did; And she longed to buy And the ebony Abyssinian, And the charcoal colored Guinean, Oh, she did!

And she said she'd cross the seas With a ship of bread and cheese For those starving chimpanzees, Sure, she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian And the poor, half-naked Pejean, And the dear Molucca Islander, She did;

She sent pie and canned tomato To the tribes beyond the equator, But her husband eat potato, So he did.

The poor helpless, homesick thing (My voice falters as I sing) Tied his clothes up with a string, Yes, he did.

—Judge.

The Language of Veils.

"Have you called on Mrs. Blank yet?" "No, and I really don't think I will."

"You intended to, did you not?" "Yes, I intended to, but—well, I met her yesterday on the street, and, do you know, her veil barely reached to the tip of her nose."

"You don't mean it! I had no idea she was that sort of person. Of course nobody who is anybody wears a short veil now."

"Straws show which way the wind blows, you know."

"Yes, indeed, and one can't be too particular."

The reporter turned away, coming to the conclusion for the 9,999 time that there are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in his philosophy. "Tell me," he said to the dyspeptic looking young man who presided over a counter, "what's in a veil?"

"Ask," replied the dyspeptic youth, "something easier."

It was a wet day and business was slack. Even the 5-cent veils clung together in a damp and dismal manner and found no favor in the eyes of the few rubber-clad females who struggled through the shop, leaving drippings of mud and water in their wake. The purveyor of spotted net leaned against his counter and continued: "If you were to ask me now: 'What is the depth of a veil?' I should reply: 'Social standing.' 'What is the quality of a veil?' Means. 'What is the color of a veil?' Character. 'What's in the way it's put on?' Mood. You see, it's a wide subject. I've devoted a good deal of thought to it myself, but I never found any one else who recognized its importance. In the first place we'll take depth. That, as I told you just now, is a criterion of social position, and it varies with every season—almost with every month. It's a very hard thing to keep track of. There are about half a dozen of our customers who seem to set the fashion in depth for all the women in Chicago. Where they get their own rules from I don't know. It may be from Paris, it may be from London, it may be from New York, but the fact remains that every one follows the lead sooner or later. When I see one of that half-dozen come into the shop the first thing I look at is the depth of her veil. Now, last winter, as I daresay you remember, veils were worn just below the nose, and I used to cut my net accordingly. Well, one day in the spring Mrs. S.—came in here with her veil below her chin, actually below her chin! I could hardly believe my eyes. Such a thing hadn't been seen for years. But there it was, sure enough. I waited and watched and the next day Miss M.—brought some lace veils and deliberately tied it on full depth before my eyes. Then I knew what was coming, and in three weeks all our swellest customers wore their veils deep. Now almost every well-dressed woman does the same thing. In a short time it will be common and then there will be another change."

"Now, as to the way veils are put on, that depends a great deal on the humor a woman happens to be in. When she's cross her veil is generally crooked, up on one side and down on the other, you know, which gives her a rakish sort of appearance. In my experience, when a woman's veil is crooked look out for squalls. When it's tied tightly across her face there's a round white mark on the tip of her nose, she's not to be trifled with either. That means she's an obstinate mood. When it's loose and baggy she's depressed, and when it's turned up on her hat she's reckless. When it's carefully put on, taut and trim, with just a tiny pucker in the edge of the net (exactly in the middle), so that her bang won't be flattened, then she's in a good humor."

"Color indicates character. Quiet and retiring women are fond of brown veils, bright and cheerful ones like blue. Those who are strong-minded and disagreeable affect gray. When you see a woman with a gray grenadine veil tied on tightly, and pushed up in a 'ruck' across the bridge of her nose, avoid her as you would cold poison. White veils may usually be taken to mean a slight degree of fastness. As for red ones, any woman will wear a red veil if she's been crying. When I see a red veil coming in, I always look for, and generally find traces of tears behind it."—*Chicago News*.

Economy in Dressing.

On Sixth avenue there is a sign which sets forth that wth in millinery is taught at a reason^{ble} sum, and here are trained young women, ever increasing in number, who go out to trim every day. The economical woman^s long made it a habit to have on the most expensive gowns made at the milliner's, and all the simple gowns^s manufactured at home by the aid of a sewing wo-

man, who comes by the day. This woman, however, has to have a pretty good knowledge of her trade or the home-made clothes are not a success. The economical housewife has been able in this way to cut down the expenses of her clothes, but unless she happened to have a special talent for bonnet trimmings she was obliged to have few or reluctantly pay out all she had saved in dressmaking to her milliner. Now this problem has been solved. The Sixth avenue firm takes apprentices in the art of bonnet-making and teaches it to them thoroughly in every department. When they are graduated they are warranted to be able to trim bonnets which, if exposed in the windows of fashionable Fifth avenue shops, would be easily mistaken for imported "creations." These young women then go out by the day at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$3, and can, according to their skill or the elaborateness of the headgear they are at work upon, make from two to three hats or bonnets a day. The difference saved by this process can be estimated after some such fashion as this: A bonnet frame costs at wholesale about six cents, or at the retail shops from 18 to 25. Three-fourths of a yard of best milliner's velvet, \$1.50; flowers, feathers, or ribbon rarely costs more than from \$3 to \$5; this, with the cost of making, makes the total from \$6 to \$8, and this for a bonnet which could not be purchased in the shops under \$15, and probably as high as \$30. A clever woman who knows well where to spend her money and how to save it went to Paris last season and had her gowns made there, as is possible, for about one-half the sum they would have cost her in New York. Then she took samples of each material composing these costumes in her pocket and set out to shop for hats. At the Bon Marche she found they were having a bargain sale in millinery, and bought then and there a hat and its trimmings to match each and every grown, the whole purchase costing her \$22. These she brought home, sent for her milliner girl, who staid nine days and with her help completed nine hats, which all told cost her just \$28.—*New York World*.

She Knew They Didn't Keep It.

As I was making some purchases in a down-town store on Saturday afternoon, says the Topical Talker of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, a man came in, in a great flutter, and asked the young woman, who was trying to induce me not to buy a thing I wanted, and to buy several things I did not want, if they kept something or other. I couldn't make out what the fellow asked for, and the young saleswoman seemed also to be in the dark, for she said to him: "I beg your pardon, sir—what can I show you?"

The man said again—and his utterance seemed to be damned up by false teeth or a hot potato—that he wanted something that I couldn't identify. The girl patiently said once more: "I beg pardon, what is it?" The man was very red about the neck and cheeks by this time, but with a great effort he repeated his request. The girl blushed a little and put her hand to her chin and rubbed it reflectively. Then she said: "No, sir; we haven't it!"

After the man had bounced out I said to the girl behind the counter: "What did that man ask for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, and then, as I looked at her with a little surprise, I suppose, she continued: "You see I know the name of everything we have in the store, and when he asked for something I didn't know, I knew we hadn't got it."

Good logic, as sure as you live!

Reciprocal.

All day you oak bathed its song Of pure and joyous roundelay. All day upon the fair sea strand You shell hath suns of ocean-god. All day, the sun through heaven's vault With fixed gaze hath sought the West; All day the soul, immortal, true, Hath told of God, in its wondrous wa. Calm evening shades are closing 'round; The song sleeps bosomed in the leaves; The tide hath sped to kiss the strand; And borne on its breast the shell away.

The sun hath sunk in Thetis' lap, And smiles with parting flush; Weary eyes by God are kissed; Love is its own reciprocal.

A Man's Clear Reasoning.

"The trouble with women," said Smitherimkins, is that they want us to have fun their way. They want us to sit in the house and talk about the weather, sir; to discuss the eternal mysteries of dressmaking and cooking, sir; and to read novels, sir; and worship babies. They can't see why a man should want to go to a club or a public dinner, sir, or take in a baseball game, or a horse-race. They want us to do as they do and enjoy ourselves their way, sir. But did you ever hear of a man wanting a woman to have fun his way? No, sir; not much, sir. You never heard of any man trying to persuade his wife to go around the corner, sir, to a nice quiet place, sir, where some very elegant gentlemen were engaged in a rubber at cards, sir; and to smoke cigars and drink beer with the party, sir, and to sit up till the cock had made himself hoarse with crowing, sir, and then meander home singing. Did you ever hear of any man trying to persuade a woman to have fun that way—his way? No, sir; not by a jug full, sir."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Rules of Courtship.

Don't disagree with the girl's father in politics, or her mother in religion. If you have a rascal keep one eye on him; if he is a widower keep two eyes on him.

Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you may hear it read after years.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening.

If on the occasion of your first call she looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early, and stay away some time.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia, and chronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

Mrs. Renier hesitated. Should she tell this cousin of hers, whom she had

man, who comes by the day. This woman, however, has to have a pretty good knowledge of her trade or the home-made clothes are not a success. The economical housewife has been able in this way to cut down the expenses of her clothes, but unless she happened to have a special talent for bonnet trimmings she was obliged to have few or reluctantly pay out all she had saved in dressmaking to her milliner. Now this problem has been solved. The Sixth avenue firm takes apprentices in the art of bonnet-making and teaches it to them thoroughly in every department. When they are graduated they are warranted to be able to trim bonnets which, if exposed in the windows of fashionable Fifth avenue shops, would be easily mistaken for imported "creations." These young women then go out by the day at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$3, and can, according to their skill or the elaborateness of the headgear they are at work upon, make from two to three hats or bonnets a day. The difference saved by this process can be estimated after some such fashion as this: A bonnet frame costs at wholesale about six cents, or at the retail shops from 18 to 25. Three-fourths of a yard of best milliner's velvet, \$1.50; flowers, feathers, or ribbon rarely costs more than from \$3 to \$5; this, with the cost of making, makes the total from \$6 to \$8, and this for a bonnet which could not be purchased in the shops under \$15, and probably as high as \$30. A clever woman who knows well where to spend her money and how to save it went to Paris last season and had her gowns made there, as is possible, for about one-half the sum they would have cost her in New York. Then she took samples of each material composing these costumes in her pocket and set out to shop for hats. At the Bon Marche she found they were having a bargain sale in millinery, and bought then and there a hat and its trimmings to match each and every grown, the whole purchase costing her \$22. These she brought home, sent for her milliner girl, who staid nine days and with her help completed nine hats, which all told cost her just \$28.—*New York World*.

"I never saw anything like it," fretted Mrs. Wilson in a fretful tone, "don't you see the latch is off the front gate?"

"Aren't you going to put it on?"

"Sometime, maybe," and the boy continued his absorbing occupation of flicking the flies from the window-pane.

"I never saw anything like it," fretted Mrs. Wilson as she left the room. "The children are all alike. They do nothing but worry me to death all the time, and they don't seem to care one cent."

This appeal did not have the slightest effect upon the mighty hunter of the flies.

Miss Renier rocked herself to and fro in a great state of perturbation. She did despise "old maid aunts who interfered with their nieces and nephews," but it was hard work to hold her peace now. Finally human nature could endure it no longer and she said:

"Aren't you going to fix that gate for your mother, Stephen?"

"Not if I know myself, at least not just now."

"Why not?" she demanded, rather sternly.

"I'm going to leave her something to fret about. She worries and frets so about everything that it does me good to see something really worth it all."

"I don't think that's exactly the way for a boy of seventeen to talk of his mother."

"No, perhaps not, aunt Ellen, but let me tell you one thing, and that is that a boy of seventeen sees a parent's faults as well as anybody. There comes a time in everybody's life when he begins to gauge his parents as man and woman. His affection for them does not change, but he sees their faults, as he sees those of the rest of humanity. All my childhood our household was uncomfortable, and I never knew exactly why, although I felt the difference between my home and that of some other boys I know. You've never been here before, but you'll see. You'll find out what I found out, that the whole discomfort rises from mother's nagging, fretful disposition—day in—day out—morning, noon and night. I'll try to answer."

Then Cousin Ellen talked a long time and told Maria just what she thought of her, but she told her very gently and kindly. Mrs. Wilson was more than astonished to see herself in this light; she, the abused one, creating all this disturbance? She didn't believe it. However, she promised Cousin Ellen she would try her way just to show her that all she, Maria, could do wouldn't make any difference.

At Cousin Ellen's suggestion, she went to the door to call Stephen to send him on an errand.

"Wait!" said Miss Renier, don't call him while you look like that. There, now, the wrinkles are gone, now call him gently and pleasantly."

Stephen looked up from his work with a start at the new tone in his mother's voice, but answered pleasantly in return: "Well, mother?"

"Can you go on an errand for me?"

"Can you wait about ten minutes, because I will be done then?"

"Not very well, I would a little rather that you would go at once."

"All right," and the nimble Stephen was off as soon as he could arrange matters in a shape to leave."

"I really don't know; perhaps he has gone to mend the gate."

"I suppose he has, just as I wanted him to go on an errand; he's never on hand at the right moment. Stephen!"

"Do you know why?" It was because you put him in one by addressing him pleasantly."

When Stephen returned rather later than he should have done, he said, "I was a good while, mother, but I saw some wild roses you like so much, and when I went to get them I fell into the brook!"

"O, well! You must go now. Good gracious! I never saw a boy take so long to put away a few tools. What have you been doing?" No reply. "What have you been doing?" in a louder tone.

"Just look at that carpet," she exclaimed, the same fretful frown on her face, "all the corners turned up. I never saw anything like it. I suppose Stephen kicked it up. You may be thankful, Ellen, you never married and had any boys. They are enough to drive anybody distracted. Where is he now?"

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